Keepe, keepe, strike him downe there, downe with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harp. apparrell.

Con. Come you villanous hereticke, tell vs where your master is.

Irish. Vat mester?

Mai. Vat mester, you counterfet rebell? This shall not serue your turne.

Irish. Be sent Patricke I ha no mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham sir Iohn Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower.

Irish. Vat Lort Cobham?

Mai. You counterfet this shall not serue you, wee'l torture you wee'l make you to confesse where that arch-heretike is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty rascall? *Exeunt.*

L. Cobham comes out stealing in his gowne.

Cob. Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruellous noise about the house, God warrant vs, I feare wee are pursued: what Harpoole?

Har. within. Who cals there?

Cob. Tis I, dost thou not heare a noise about the house?

Har. yes marry do I, zounds I cannot finde my hose, this Irish rascall that lodg'd with mee all night, hath stollen my apparrell, and has left me nothing but a lowsie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the Carrier and his wench be asleepe, change you with them as hee hath done with me, and see if we can scape.

Noise heard about the house a prety while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irishmans apparrell.

Con. Stand close, heere comes the Irishman that did the murther, by all tokens this is he.

Mai. And perceiuing the house beset, would get away: stand sirra.

Har. What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man,

man, such a villaine as thy selfe, this last night by the highway.

Harp. Sblood Constable art th man?

Mai. Sirra, weele finde you an Lay hold vpon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bl

Enter Lord Cobham and and wenches

Cob. What will these Ostlers Good morrow, good morrow, Saddle, saddle now afore God t

Con. Who goes there?

Mai. O tis Lancashire carrier

Cob. What, will no body ope Come, lets in t'stable to looke t

The Carrier ca

Hoste, why Ostler?
Zwookes, heere such a bominat
A pox of this pigstie at the hous
It fils all the house full of fleas,

Ost. Who cals there? what w

Club. Zwookes, do you rob y
Do you lodge rogues, and slaue
They ha stolne our clothes heer

Ost. A murren choke you, wh

Host. How now? what would
Looke vp there.

Ostler. They say that the mar
them, haue stolne their clothes.

Host. What, are the strange f
ster night?

Con. What mine host, vp so

Host. What M. Maior, and M

Mai. We are come to seeke
and such as heere we found ha

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